

A DELL COMIC • A DELL COMIC •
DELL
• A DELL COMIC • A DELL COMIC •

FEBRUARY

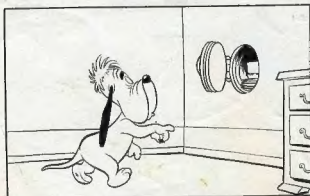
10¢



Tom and Jerry comics

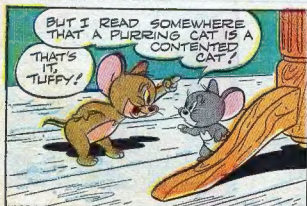


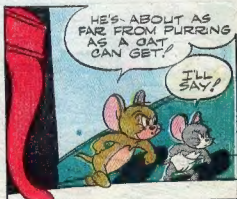
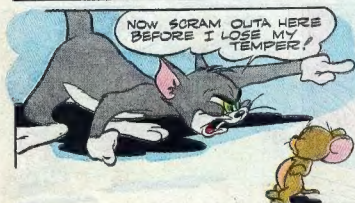
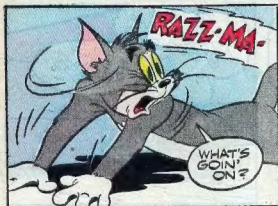
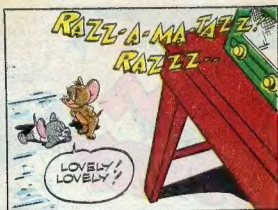
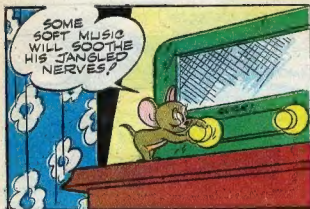
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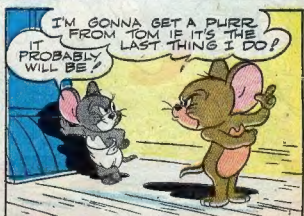
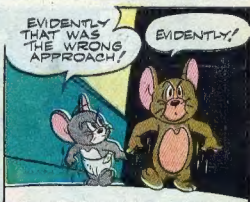


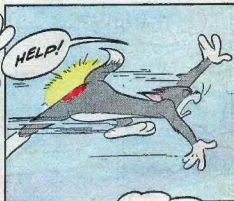
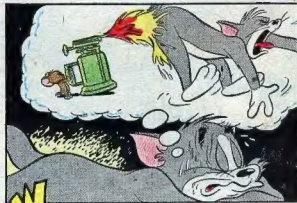
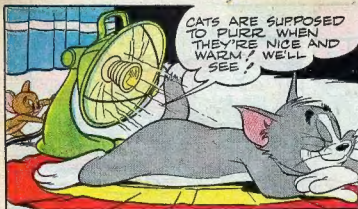
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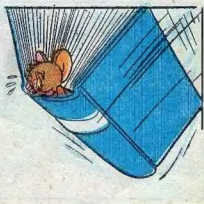
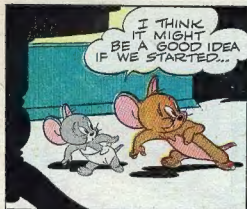
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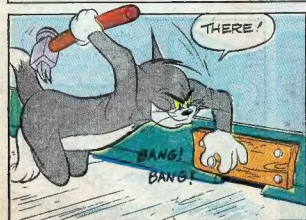
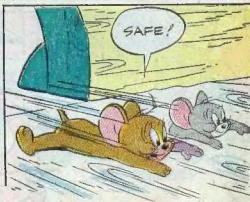
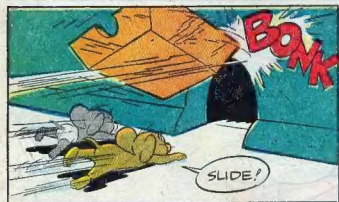
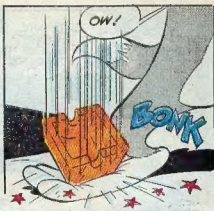


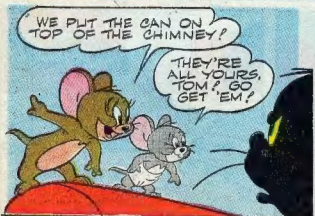
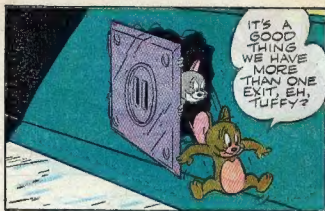


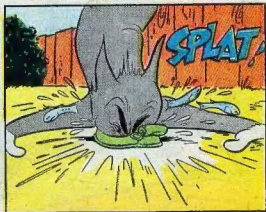
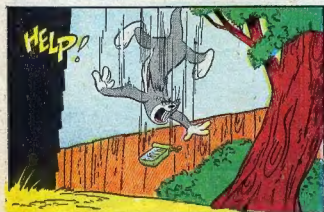
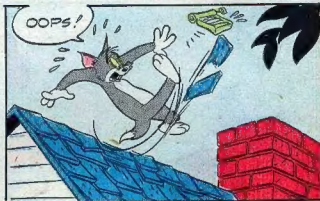


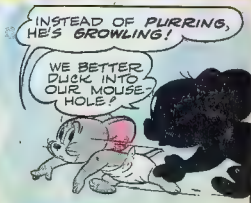
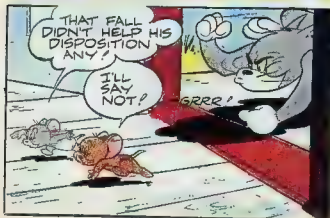
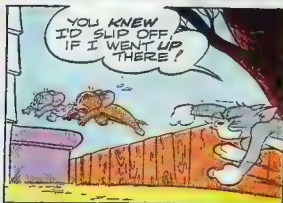
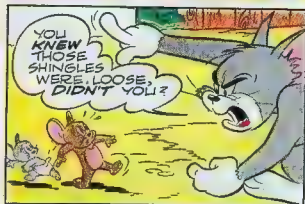
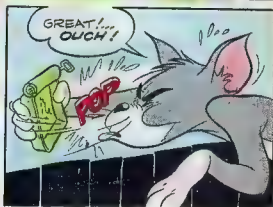
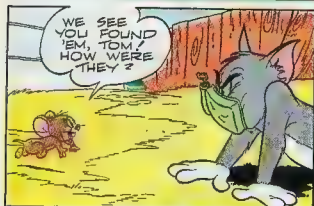
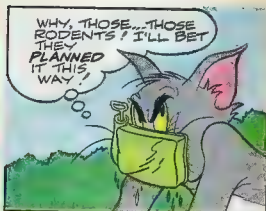
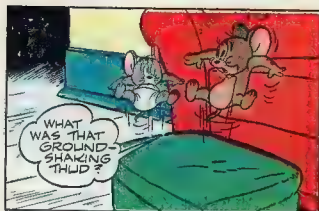


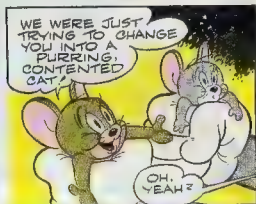
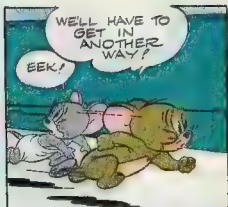
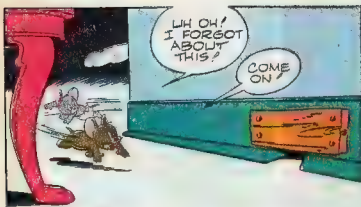












M-G-M-CARTOONS
PRESENT

Big **SPINNY** AND Little **TYKE**

TYKE, I'M GONNA
ENTER **YOU** IN THE
SHOW! YOU KNOW
A LOT OF TRICKS?

SURE, POP
I CAN
SIT
UP
AND..

**TRAINED
PET
SHOW**
Here Today!
2:30 P.M.
MANY
PRIZES!

C'MON HOME
AND I'LL GET
YOU READY!

...AND
I CAN
SPEAK
AND..

WHY, YOU'RE
A **CINCH**
TO WIN, SON!

AND
I CAN
ROLL
OVER...

AND WE CAN SURE
USE A NICE
PRIZE!

ER-UH..WHAT'S
THE WATER
FOR, P-POP?

IT'S YOUR
BATH, TYKE!
YOU MUST
BE CLEAN
FOR THE
SHOW.
YOU KNOW!

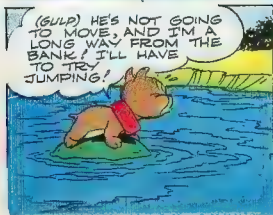
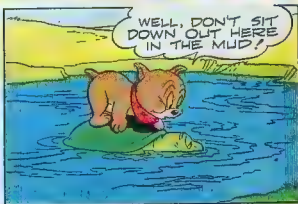
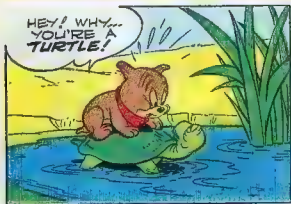
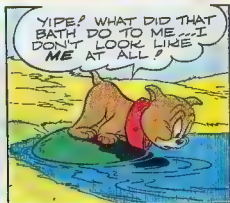
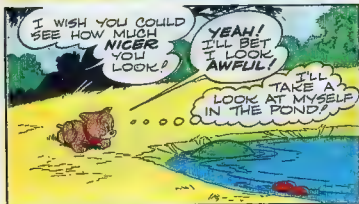
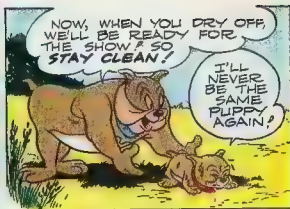
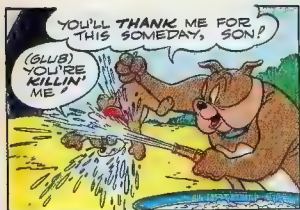
UH..
L-LET'S
C-CALL THE
WHOLE
THING
OFF!

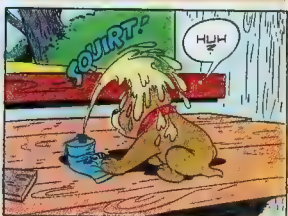
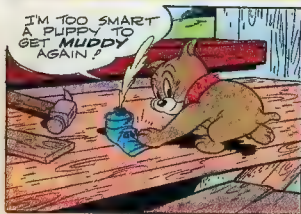
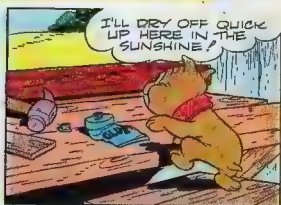
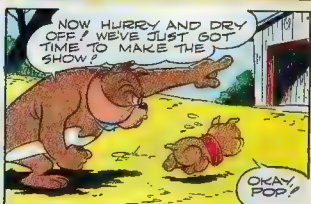
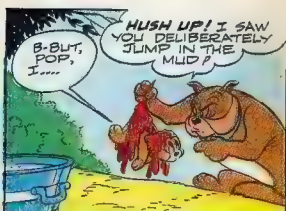
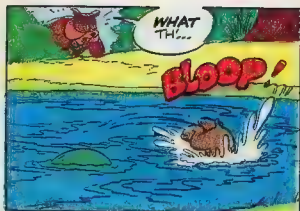
C'MON NOW, YOU WANT
TO BE FAMOUS,
DON'T YOU?

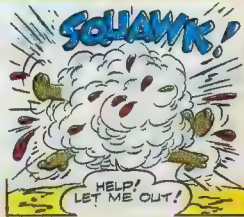
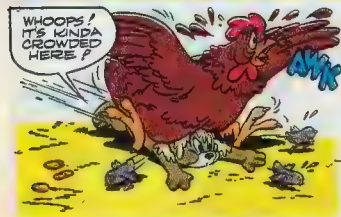
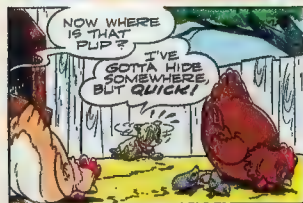
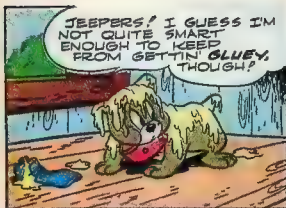
NO..I THINK
I JUST WANTA
BE A NO-GOOD
MUTT!

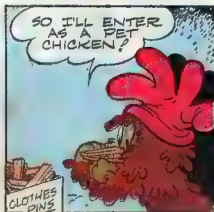
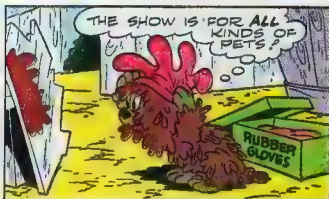
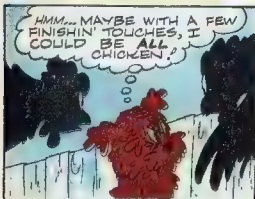
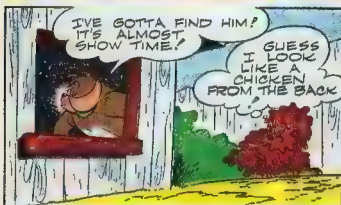
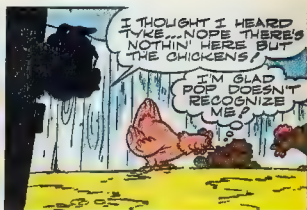
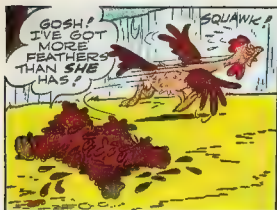
OUCH!
DON'T SCRUB
MY EARS
OFF!

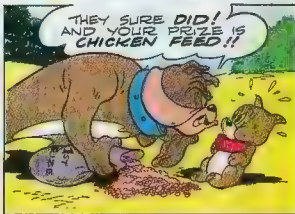
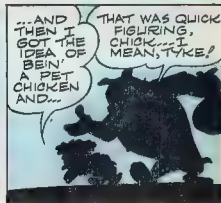
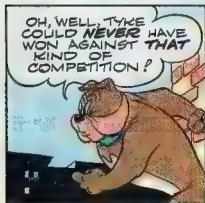
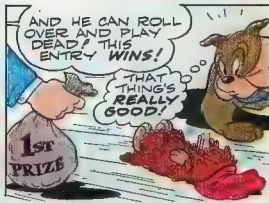
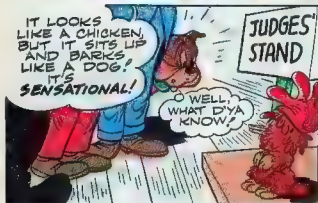
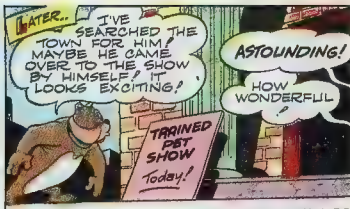
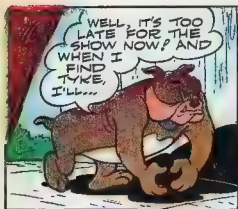
QUIET,
TYKE!









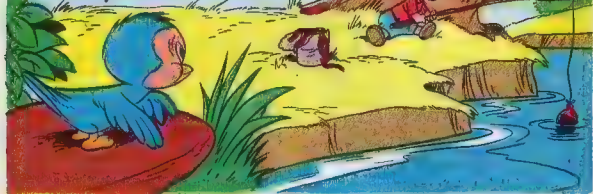


M-G-M- CARTOONS

present

Bertie Birds

"Surprise Farewell"



"Where's Bertie Bird?" asked George Goldfinch.

His little friends stopped twittering and nibbling crumbs and stared at him. All but Jenny Wren. She glanced around. "Why," she chirped. "He ISN'T here, is he?"

"I haven't seen him all morning," said Red Robin.

"Maybe he's sick," suggested Susie Sparrow.

But at that very moment, a little blue streak zoomed down out of the sky and landed—kerthud—right in their midst.

"Somebody paging ME?" And there stood Bertie Bird as big as life and all puffed up with self-importance.

His chums crowded around him. "Where have you been?" asked Red Robin.

Bertie did not answer. He strutted over and pecked at a large crumb of toast on the grass. He had a startling announcement to make but wanted to wait until the right moment. His friends gaped at him in open-beaked astonishment. What was he up to THIS time, they wondered?

Finally, Susie Sparrow could stand it no longer. She hopped up and down, ruffled her feathers angrily, then rushed at Bertie and gave him a sharp peck on his head with her bill. "There!" she scolded, "maybe you'll stop being so

'silly and tell us where you've been!"

Bertie said nothing. He just puffed himself up into a round ball twice his normal size, opened his bill wide in a most menacing manner and hopped toward Susie. With a scream of fright, she quickly took off and flew to the safety of a nearby tree.

NOW, thought Bertie, would be a good time to make his startling announcement. He balanced himself squarely on his short sturdy legs, ruffled his feathers and clicked his bill together. His friends watched him with interest. "I've come to bid you all good-bye," he chirped loudly. "I'm flying away from my home today—FOREVER!"

After which, Bertie dramatically spread his little blue wings and flew away.

He flew for miles and miles and miles. And while he flew, he chirped with merriment over the scare he had given his little friends. He had no intentions of staying away forever. "NOTHING," he said to himself, "could make me do that! I love my home!"

Finally, almost exhausted, Bertie landed in the top of a maple tree at the edge of a brook. He was too tired to notice his beautiful surroundings—the sparkling brook, the pretty shaded woods or the young boy who sat below him on the bank, holding a homemade

fishing rod over the water.

But the boy saw Bertie. "What a beautiful little bluebird," he said to himself. "I'd sure like to add him to my aviary."

After resting awhile, Bertie decided to have a look around. He hopped down the tree from branch to branch until he had reached the bottom-most one. And then suddenly, he saw the boy.

"Chirp!" he called in friendly greeting.

The boy sat very still and did not make a sound. Bertie kept his eye on him while he hopped along the branch calling, "Cheep, cheep!" Still the boy did not move.

By this time, Bertie was bursting with curiosity. He had to see what this human fledgling was doing. He flew down to the ground and stood there a moment. Nothing happened. He hopped closer. "Peep!" he chirped softly.

The boy sat as still as a mouse. Bertie hopped several inches closer. Then, he stopped and stared. Not at the boy, but at a tin can sitting on the ground at the boy's side. Out over the top of this can crawled a big fat worm. Bertie could hardly believe his eyes. A meal-worm. And all for HIM, if he had the nerve to fly over and grab it. He DID. And quickly gobbled it down before it could be snatched away from him.

"Yum! Yum!" he chirped to himself. "That one tasted like more."

So he hopped up onto the edge of the tin can and peered down into it. THAT was his big mistake. For suddenly, he felt two small hands close over him. He was caught.

Poor Bertie was so frightened he paid no attention to the soft cooing words the boy spoke over and over to reassure him.

"Mother! Mother! Help!" he screamed, as the boy carried him down a country lane to his home.

And then, the worst thing that could happen to a little winged creature happened to Bertie. He was caged in a large outdoor aviary and could roam the big wide world no more.

But, for the first few minutes, Bertie did not know he was a prisoner. When the boy opened his hands and freed him inside the aviary, Bertie was so overjoyed

he shot straight up into the air. Bang! His poor little head struck the hard wire roof of the aviary. Down he fluttered to the ground, to stand swaying dizzily and wondering what had happened to him.

He tried and tried for the next three days to free himself but it was no use. He could not get out. He had REALLY flown away from his home—FOREVER.

Early one morning, a few days later, before the sun had risen high in the sky, Bertie heard a familiar bird call away out in the woods somewhere.

"Why, I do believe," he said to himself "that's Red Robin."

As he listened, several other familiar bird calls reached him. He chirped with happiness. His friends must be searching for him.

At that moment, the boy entered the aviary with a pan of food. Bertie was scared. Supposing the boy heard his little friends and captured them, too. He just had to get out somehow and warn them. As the boy scattered food around on the trays, Bertie got an idea. Maybe he could trick the boy into taking him out of the aviary. Once outside, he felt sure he could get away. He started to hop slowly around the ground with his left wing dragging as though it were broken—and made little "chuck, chuck" sounds of complaint to attract the boy's attention.

"You poor little bird," said the boy picking him up. "Have you broken your wing?"

He carried Bertie outside and set him on the ground while he locked the door of the aviary. That was the BOY'S big mistake. Quick as a wink, Bertie shot up into the air and flew toward the woods.

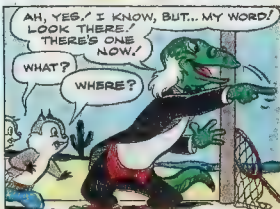
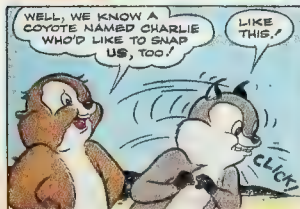
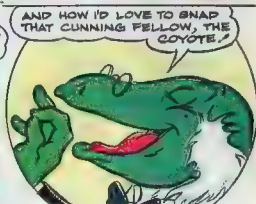
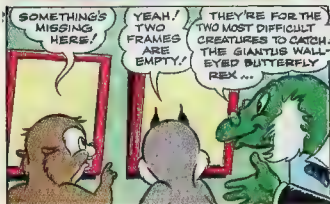
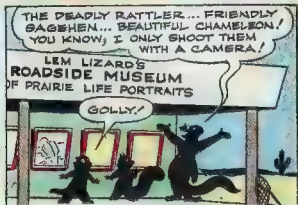
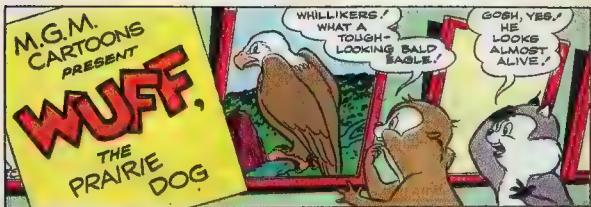
And once again, a little blue streak zoomed down out of the sky—zzzzwish—right into the midst of his friends.

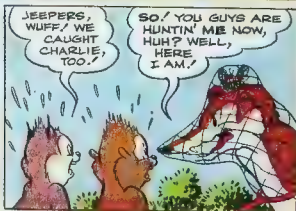
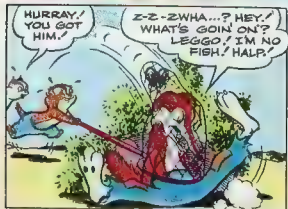
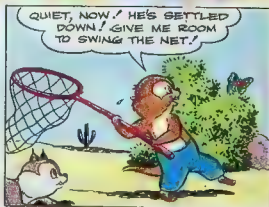
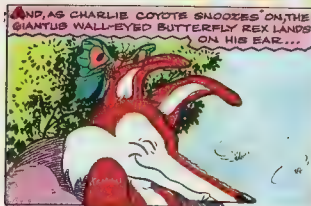
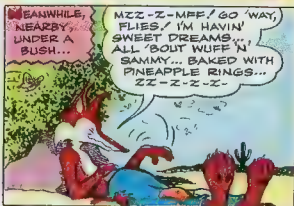
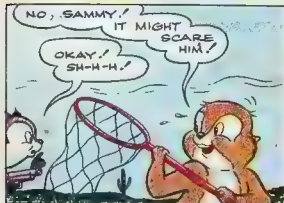
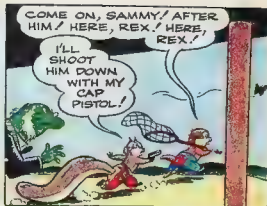
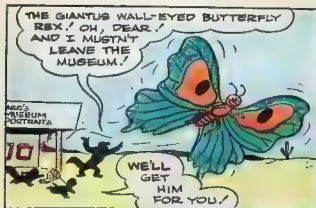
"Bertie!" chirped Red Robin happily. "Where have you been?"

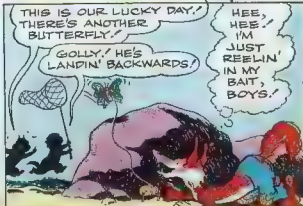
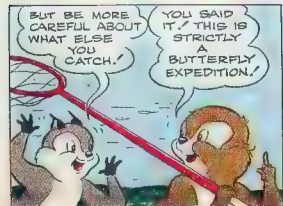
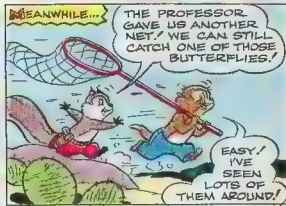
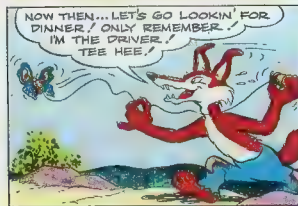
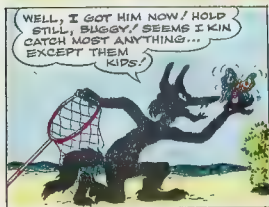
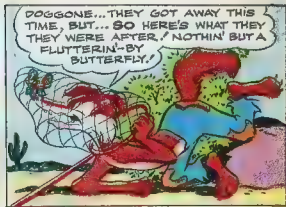
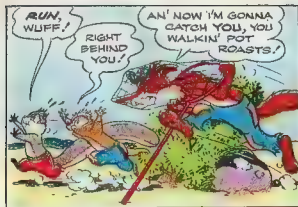
And THIS time Bertie answered him. "I've been a prisoner," he confided, "in a BIG cage!"

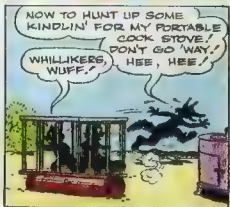
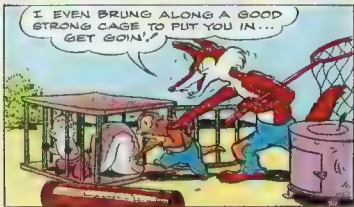
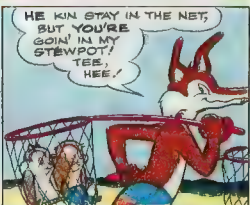
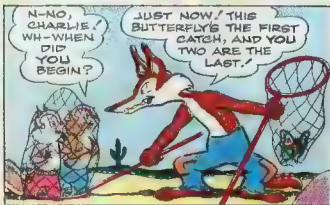
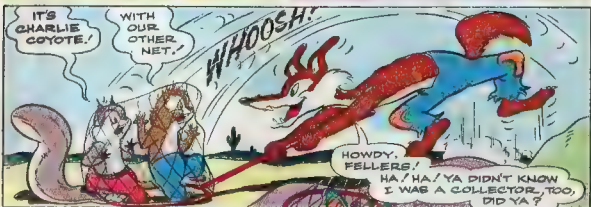
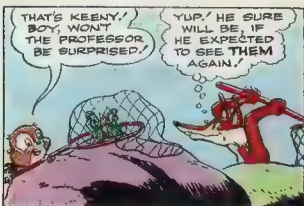
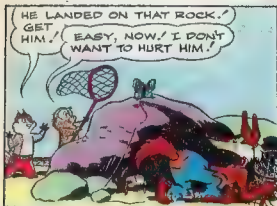
As they all flew back toward Apple Tree Lane, Bertie told them the exciting details of his capture and imprisonment.

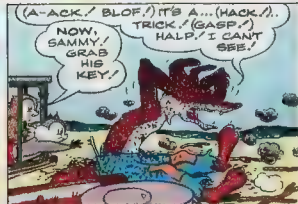
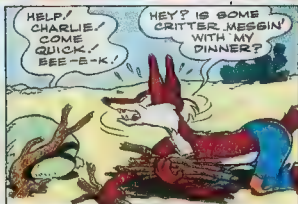
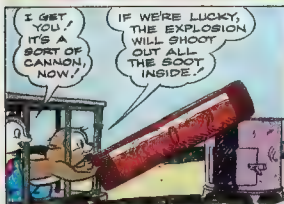
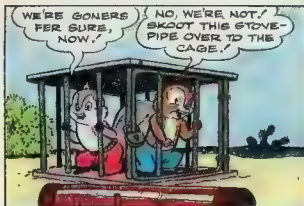
"But I'll never do such a foolish thing again," he finished. "NEVER!"





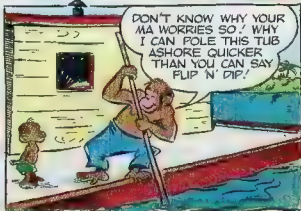
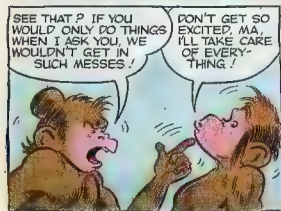
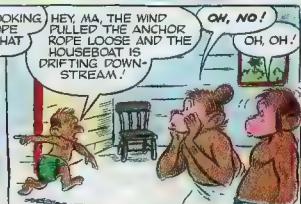
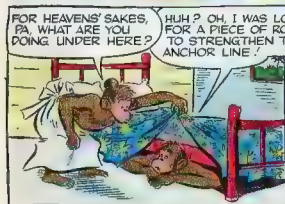
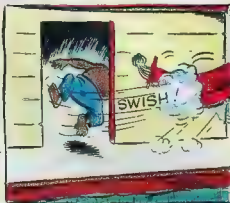
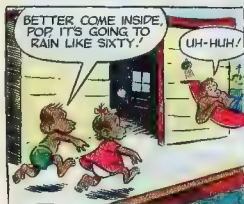
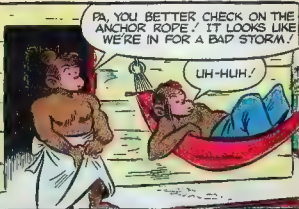


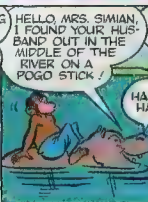
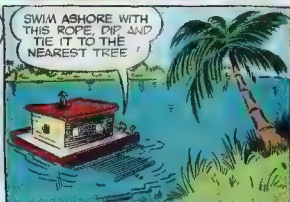
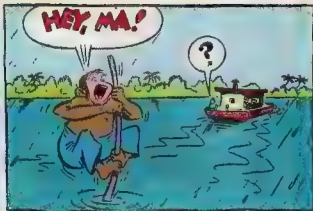
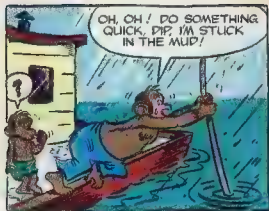




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END

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BARNEY and BENNY BURRO

I GLESS WE HAVE EVERYTHING!

I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T LIKE FISH, BARNEY!

I DON'T! BUT I HAVE TO EAT SOMETHING! AND MOOSEFACE HAS BORROWED EVERYTHING WE HAD IN THE HOUSE!

OH/OH! LOOKS LIKE HE'S HEADED THIS WAY AGAIN!

HE PROBABLY WANTS TO BORROW OUR FISHING POLES NOW! QUICK! OUT THE BACK WINDOW!

WELL, THAT'S ONE TIME WE GAVE HIM THE S.D!

HEH! HEH!

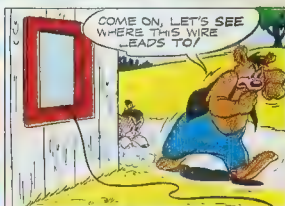
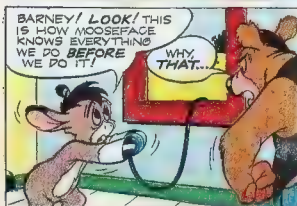
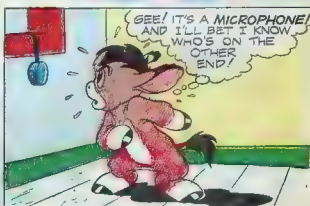
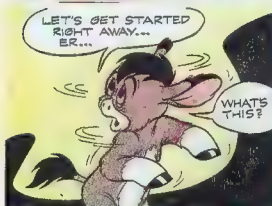
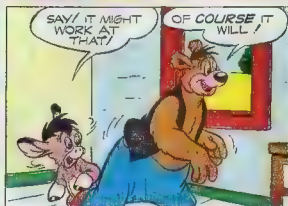
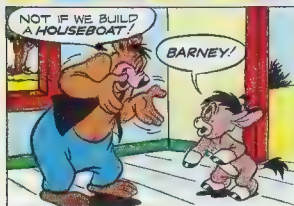
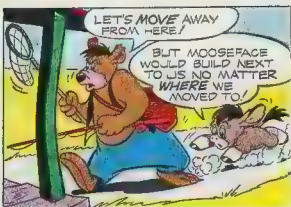
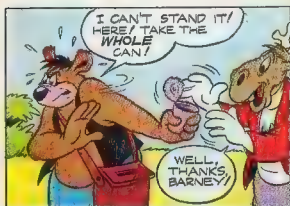
GREETINGS, BARNEY!

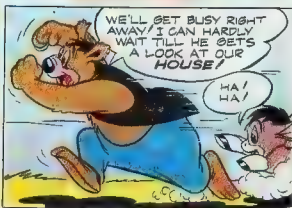
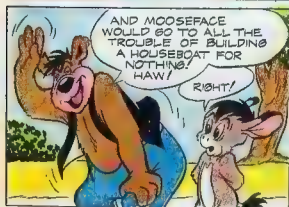
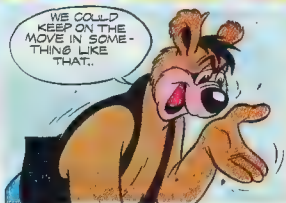
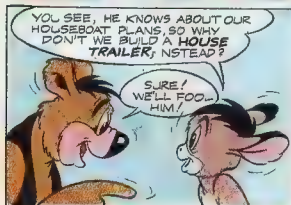
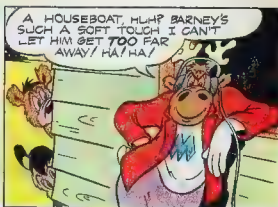
OH, NO! HOW'D YOU GET HERE SO QUICK? WE THOUGHT YOU WERE HEADED FOR MY HOUSE!

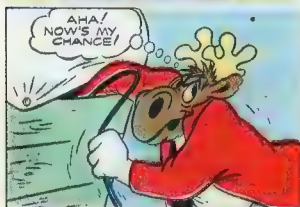
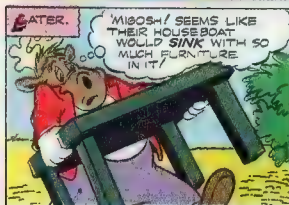
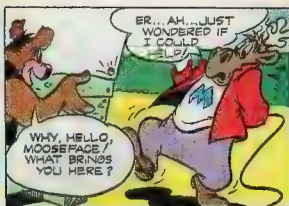
OF COURSE NOT! THAT WOULD BE SLOW! I KNEW YOU WERE COMING HERE!

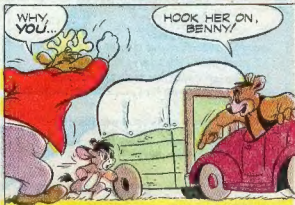
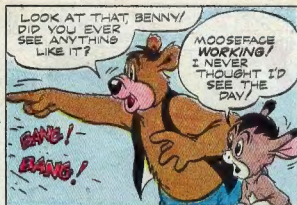
I HOPE YOU BROUGHT THE WORMS!

NOW IT'S WORMS HE WANTS TO BORROW!











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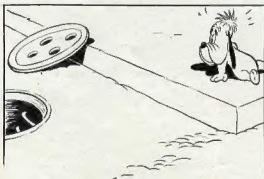
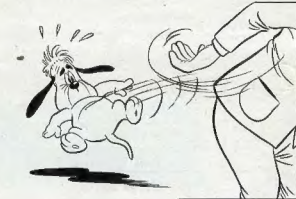
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